

The Times-Dispatch Day at the Base Ball Park

Next Thursday, August 2nd,

The Newsboys of Richmond and Manchester will be the guests of THE TIMES-DISPATCH at the game between

RICHMOND and NORFOLK

Boys will be carried to the park in cars free of charge. A fine time to all boys
Free Ticket to Game. Free Ride on the Cars to the Park

WATCH THE PAPER FOR FULL PARTICULARS

Be Ready to Go Sure!

A FEW MINUTES WITH MAKERS OF FUN

Bill to Jim.

The letter from Bill to Jim always seemed funny to me:
Dear Jim: The crops are doing well. The calf is big enough to sell. I've traded off the brindle cow. And we ain't got but one just now. The horses all is fat and sleek. Except that Bob is rather weak. But that ain't nothing very queer. We've had him nigh on twenty year. I think I'll put the bottom field in corn and oats; it oughter yield a heavy crop; the land is rich. And just the thing for oats and sich. There ain't no news to speak of, Jim; Miss Susie Jones is just as trim as when you saw her in the fall. The folks is well; I guess that's all. But stop! I must forget 'bout dad. I expect the news will make you sad. You know that dad was getting old; just sixty years' had 'er him rolled. And so, I must resort to say, I've chloroformed poor dad to-day. And that is all the news until I write again. Your brother, Bill.
—Judge's Magazine of Fun.

Repartee.

Years ago, according to "Harper's Weekly," while the Rev. Mr. Shandoupe was a student at the seminary, he undertook one vacation season to sell fire-extinguishers. His pleasing address and affability enabled him to make many sales. However, he encountered the usual rebuffs which are the experience of all agents. The theological student had gained access to the office of a surly broker, and forthwith began expatiating on the deluging powers of his incomparable fire-extinguisher.
"Oh, my dear man," expostulated Shandoupe, "this extinguisher does not deserve the extreme virtue with which you credit it."

Modern.

They were about to take summer boarders. The woman, for the eternal feminine will not down, could not forbear a touch of sentiment, and she was writing out a rustic sign, which she purposed nailing up by the well.

"The old oakon bucket,
The from-bound bucket,
The—"

But here her hand faltered.
"There's no moss on our bucket," she said, looking very blank.

The man asked for a crayon, and with a bold flourish, finished the verse:

"sterilized bucket,
That hangs in the wall."

"That's more up-to-date, anyway," he said.—Puck.

Folly of Worrying.

A number of statesmen at Washington the other day discussed the foolishness of worrying about things not likely to happen, or which, if they do happen, will be so remote as to be of little consequence to the worrier. One of the party, quence to the Buffalo Commercial, told this story to illustrate his point: "Reminds me of a thing that happened in my school days. We used to have a lecture every Friday afternoon, and one day the lecturer was a geological sharp, and chose Niagara Falls for his topic. He told us all about the geological formations that it is believed are traced in the gorge, and then went on to say that the Falls were slowly wearing back to-

ward Buffalo, and that in the course of some 200,000 years, they would have worn back to Erie, Pa., and that town would be left high and dry. Just then one of the girls in the class began to sob wildly. 'What's the matter?' asked the teacher in alarm. 'Oh,' she wailed, 'I've got a sister living in Erie!'

Lazy Lyrics.

The lobster has lost its savor, the zickey has lost its charm,
I'm sick of the sights of the city, I'm yearning for the farm.
I want to go back, I want to go back, and I can't get back too soon,
Where "dover bloom" is a perfect rhyme for a "drowsy afternoon."

I want to go back to the old farm—the old farm place was best,
Where "friends I knew" were "tried and true," and the sun sunk in the west;
I want to go back, I want to go back, to where I want to school—
Where a "fishing pole" is a perfect rhyme to "the fragrant orchard cool."

I want to go back to the old farm and the dear old swimming hole,
To showers and flowers and bowers and hours of rural rigmorale.
I want to go back, I want to go back, to the land of long ago,
Where "the brindle cow" is a perfect rhyme to "the hazy afterglow." —Puck.

Business With Pleasure.

When leisure lured, I once began collecting stamps to fill the void;
A hobby seemed the wisest plan.
As I was rich and unemployed,
My philatelic craze was strong,
But did not satisfy me long.

Accordingly, to have a change,
Old books and prints in turn I bought;
But these required too wide a range
Of knowledge—I was often "caught."
When expert critics scorned my stuff,
I thought the game not good enough.

I find it, now, quite easy, though,
To make the test that fear enjoins,
For all my fortune's "lost," and so
I'm hard at work collecting coins.
No dark suspicion clouds my mind;
They are the useful, modern kind! —Punch.



A SURE TEST.

"My past is a clean sheet and I love you very dearly."
"I'd rather have you run for office and see what the newspapers say."



On the Floor Below?

They're mopping brows in Kansas, it's the same in old Mizou;
They're sweating in Chicago, An' in dear old Gotham, too;
They're melting shirts in Boston, Which, to Denverites, seems queer,
We're sleeping under blankets—Under blankets—do you hear?

They're swelterin' in Pittsburg, An' in old St. Louis town
Prostrations are in order, For the sun's sure beatin' down;
They're scorchin' in Atlanta, But this, friend, 's no idle story—
We're sleeping under blankets—Under blankets—do you hear?

They laugh at Colorado—That is, some poor lightheads do.
But States that she can't equal Are, indeed, most awful few;
The ones that are perspiring, Better stop back to the rear,
We're sleeping under blankets—Under blankets—do you hear? —Denver Post.

Rush Message.

A well-dressed young man approached the desk in a telegraph branch office and wrote a message. Laying the pen down, he handed the message to the girl, and said: "You can rush this for me, can't you?"

"Yes, indeed," replied the girl. "It's very important," he went on. "I must have it rushed."
"It shall go right through," "All right," he said, turning away. "Be sure and rush it now."
When he was gone the girl showed the message to another operator standing near. "Look what is to be rushed," she said.

The message read: "Henry still loves his little wife, and wishes she could be with him."—Modern Society.

Bad for the Face.

"Pa," asked little Willie, "what kind of powder do they use in firecrackers?"
"Well," replied his father, "it's not complexion powder, and that's all you need remember."—Philadelphia Press.

Not So Flattering.

Miss Giggles—He remarked that I was "swan-like." Wasn't that nice of him?
Miss Knox—Oh, I don't know. He made that remark when you were trying to sing.—Philadelphia Press.

Patriotic Blood.

His great-great-grandfather crossed the Delaware with George, And in his country's service lost two toes at Valley Forge.
Where the frost king, keeping busy all that dreary winter through,
Very nearly did for Freedom what the British failed to do.

His great-great-grandpa nobly put his private cares away
And, hurrahing for his country, went with Jackson to the fray;
Many a crimson-coated warrior he dispatched to kingdom come
On that great day at New Orleans, where he bravely lost a thumb.

His great-grandad was eager, when his country called to go,
And, with "Rough and Ready" Taylor, he did things in Mexico;
After humbling Buena Vista, he assailed Chapultepec,
Where he lost a collar-button and a section of his neck.

When the guns roared at Fort Sumter But went forth to save the country, bravely facing shell and shot;
He did wonders at Antietam, fighting under "Little Mac,"
And at Bull Run he was foremost till he fell and sprained his back.

His father was no laggard when poor, bleeding Cuba cried
For the precious boon of freedom that so long had been denied;
Like a knight he marched with Shafter, and was nearly put to rest
By an army mule that kicked him in the stomach at Key West.

And our hero, the descendant of the warriors listed here,
Though a child, has nobly given up three teeth and half an ear.
Cheer him, cheer him, for the service that he nobly does the State,
He may yet get blown to pieces on the day we celebrate. —Life.

The First Husband's Virtues.

"Let me see," said the man who affected a knowledge of literature, "wasn't it Shakespeare who said, 'The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones?'"
"I don't know," replied the weary



SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SON.

looking man, "but I'll bet the man who wrote that was never married to a widow."—Philadelphia Press.

The Douma's Grim Humor.

There has come a startling rumor that the Duma's in a humor
To make trouble for the poor distracted Czar;
That it doesn't mean to knuckle down or truckle if the buckle
That is round it is drawn up a hole too far—
Some one's apt to get a sudden sort
It's awfully disgusting; it's ungrateful as can be,
But it seems to show a shocking disposition to be free.

After all the condescension and attention—the convention
With the loving little Father and his After granting their petition on condition
That submission
To the autocratic will should be complete,
To presume to have opinions when they meet
It's horribly ungrateful anybody will agree,
But the wretches show a shocking disposition to be free.

They will soon want reformation—liberation, education—
They're already asking something of that kind—
And with language lacking polish will abolish and demolish
All the safeguards for autocracy designed.
They will raise the very dickens, you will find,
You may say I'm pessimistic, but I think that you will see
What will happen if the Duma should unhappily be free. —Chicago News.

Excess of Caution.

(To find men in good health you have only to go to the restaurants where eating and drinking go on to excess.—The Shero.)
Hygela, coy, elusive maid,
Headless of my incessant wooing,
You confound my matrimonial
And banish tea as my undoing;
You dot me with patent food,
On bran and beans my guilest choking,
And sternly check my frequent mood
For smoking.

Exactly two-and-thirty bites
To very mouthful are allotted;
Pork is forbidden, beef excites,
You banish everything that's potted,
From lentils, arrowroot and nut,
You mix for me a perfect diet,
And tell me to do nothing but
Keep quiet.

What boots this dietetic faith,
This most excessive moderation?
I sit in likeness of a wraith
Writing a funeral oration.
While men who dally gorge and booze
Are blessed with every panacea;
You lecture me, but them you choose,
Hygela!

Aleu to farinaceous fare
And dietetic doleful cloisters
Give me the freedom of the hare,
The gay champagne, the luscious oyster,
Pile de sole and kidney pie;
Health is in the way, destroy it.
If health is good, I'm blessed if I
Enjoy it. —London Tribune.

IN SWIMMING.
Village Pastor—Johnny, you tell me that you have been to Sunday school. Why, your hair is well.
Johnny—It is—it was a Baptist Sunday school.

HER CODE.

Prospective Husband—What marriage ceremony do you prefer?
Prospective Bride (the fourth time)—Catch as catch can.

How It Was.
"Pardon me, madam," said the man with the piercing eyes and the earnest face to the heavy-set lady who was watching the sportive bathers. "Is that your daughter in the blue bathing suit?"
"It is, sir," responded the lady.
"Then, permit me to say I am the working secretary and investigator of the Society for the Encouragement of Proper Garb, and to inform you that your daughter's skirt is apparently very short."
"Tut, tut!" smiled the lady, comfortably. "It isn't really that the skirt is short—it is that her stockings are so long. That is all, my dear sir. But, thank you for your friendly interest just the same."
And the man with the earnest face and the piercing eyes was seen to walk blindly away and bump into a wheel-chair.—Judge.

Just a Dig.

"Yes," said Mrs. Uppish, boastfully, "we pay cash to everything we buy there."
"Yes?" replied Mrs. Knox. "Why is short—it is that her stockings are so long. That is all, my dear sir. But, thank you for your friendly interest just the same."
And the man with the earnest face and the piercing eyes was seen to walk blindly away and bump into a wheel-chair.—Judge.



UNDISPUTED PROOF.
Mrs. Gubber—I really don't believe the rumor. Who is the authority?
Mrs. Rubber—My niece works in the telephone exchange.

Answer to a Wedding Invitation.

Mr. Black regrets that he must impart the information that he can't accept with glee Mrs. White's kind invitation. Candidly he must avow, Risking being thought unpleasant, That his means do not allow Of the purchase of a present.

Mr. Black, too, must remind Mrs. White, without evasion, That they've met, through Fate unkind, Only upon one occasion. As for the prospective bride, Her no doubt delightful daughter, If her form he'd ever eyed, Something he perhaps had bought her.

Mr. Black must, therefore, state, Taking all things in conjunction, That he can't participate In this fashionable function. He is neither millionaire Nor a dow inclined to manglers; He's just one who cannot spare Charities for perfect strangers. —London Tribune.

Food.

"But food value. Has your compound a food value?"
"Certainly. Don't I tell you it can be cooked in less than one minute and eaten in less than another?"—Puck.



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